

The TATLER and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2286

London
April 18, 1945



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THE TATLER

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LONDON
APRIL 18, 1945

Price :

One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2286

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Denzil Fortescue and Her Son

The Hon. Mrs. Denzil Fortescue is the younger sister of Viscount Hardinge, and was married in 1941 to Lt.-Col. the Hon. Denzil Fortescue, M.C., only brother of Earl Fortescue. Her son, Seymour Henry, was born in 1942. Her husband has two sons and a daughter by his former marriage. During the war Mrs. Fortescue has been working for the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association in the country



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Resistance?

If Hitler has any organized resistance to offer, any unsuspected plan for trying at the last minute to avert his inevitable defeat, he must show his hand soon. The Allied armies are moving into line for their march across the length and breadth of Germany. At any moment there will be a linking-up between British, American and Russian soldiers. One would have thought that Hitler would have

done his utmost to prevent this junction of such great strength. He may yet have a plan, but if he has not we must regard it as the measure of his weakness and the complete failure of his regime. It is a most extraordinary situation, one which must be almost without parallel in history. It seems almost uncanny that our forces can go mile after mile, brushing aside all opposition. There is the inevitability of doom about it.

are moving with great caution. Even General Patton has not advanced across Germany as swiftly as he did across France, although this does not detract in any way from the skill amounting almost to genius which he has shown since he crossed the Rhine. It must be that on this occasion he is advancing in full strength so as not to give the Germans the least opportunity to impose even a local defeat on his forces.

In these circumstances we may have to wait some little time longer for the official end of the war than was at first thought. If Hitler is really going to defend the Bavarian redoubt, it would be folly to proclaim the war over as far as major resistance is concerned merely because what remains of Berlin has been captured. The last headquarters of Hitler and his General Staff must be seized before it can be said that the war is over. To assist in attaining this final objective the most important weapon possessed by the Allies is air power. The full use of air power must be retained to the very last moment. It might yet be an invaluable aid in ending Hitler's mad career.



The Silver Star for a British Officer

Major-General Ridgway, who was in charge of Allied airborne operations during the advance of the 21st Army Group on Osnabrück, presented on behalf of President Roosevelt, the American Silver Star for conspicuous bravery to Brig. James Hill, commanding a British Paratroop Regt.



Before Crossing the Rhine

Major-General E. Bols (left), commander of the British 6th Airborne Division, is seen with two of his officers on the eve of the Rhine crossings. Since the invasion he has commanded a brigade in the 3rd Division, which he led in engagements in Normandy, Belgium and Holland



Generals in Italy

Lt.-Gen. A. E. Nye, Vice-Chief of Imperial General Staff, paying a flying visit to the 8th Army in Italy, was met at the airfield by Gen. Sir Bernard Freyburg, and Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, commander of the 8th Army

Pronouncement

THE only sign that Hitler has given of his intentions is the order that every town and city in Germany must be defended to the last, even until it is destroyed. In this defence of despair it appears that Hitler and Goebbels really believe that their salvation might emerge. Only we can appreciate how forlorn is their hope. The Allies are massing their strength with care and caution. They are not taking any chances. In the same way the Russians have been building up these last few weeks their strength for the final assault on Berlin. There is reason to believe that Marshal Zhukov could have launched his attack and probably taken the capital weeks ago, but that the Russian High Command decided to wait until the American and British forces were also at the gates of the city.

End

AT the moment it seems that the speed of the Allied advance will alone govern the date on which it can be announced officially that the war is at an end. While our tanks can advance with great speed, care has to be taken that they do not get too far ahead of the infantry on whom rests the responsibility of mopping up local resistance and assuring the security of the rear. The Allied Commanders

Conference

IT now looks as if the San Francisco Conference will survive the perils of postponement which at one time appeared to be setting in. The conference is due to meet next week, and Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, has left London with Mr. Clement Attlee, the Deputy Prime Minister, and the Dominion delegates, who have spent the last fortnight in Whitehall formulating their policy. Soon we shall see what are the prospects for the success of this conference, which Mr. Anthony Eden has said may be our last chance to secure a system to preserve world peace in the future. Even at best, the deliberations will be long and detailed. There are so many technicalities to be examined and accepted before the machine of peace is finally settled. San Francisco will not be the peace conference, as some people seemed to have imagined it would. Discussions about the arrangements for the peace conference are still continuing. The Russians are said to be in favour of holding it at Vienna, assuming that the once-great Austrian capital escapes serious damage. Incidentally, the Powers have yet to decide where the permanent home of the new League of Nations shall be situated. Although the Americans and the Russians have always opposed the idea of returning to Geneva, there have been indications lately that in the last

resort all the Powers will agree that in the circumstances it might be the most suitable place.

Surrender?

THE early optimism that Japan might surrender unconditionally as a result of Soviet Russia's denunciation of their mutual pact of neutrality has not been fulfilled. Obviously the Japanese are waiting until the very last moment. They, like the Germans, know their fate. They recognize that defeat is inevitable, but they cannot bring themselves to ask for terms. With the Japanese Navy so badly mauled, and the Allied forces closing in on Japan, it is clear that in the very near future the fanatics who have governed the country will have to face the facts. It seemed to me that the very wording of the Russian announcement, which accompanied the official intimation that the neutrality pact with Japan was to be ended, indicated that in Moscow hopes are entertained that a decision might be reached without the Soviet armies undertaking another war.

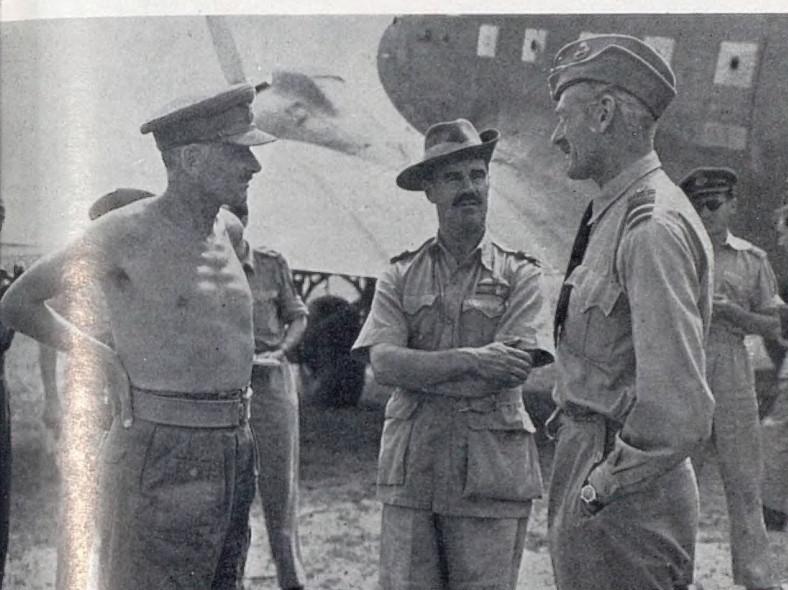
promptness of Mr. Bracken's scathing retort caused greater political speculation than we have known since the war started. Nobody in politics quite knows why it happened and what was the cause of Mr. Bevin's anger. His references to the Prime Minister caused astonishment. At all times Mr. Churchill has gone out of his way to associate all his colleagues in the Cabinet with the achievement of victory. He has never let it be thought that he himself took all the credit. Other people have described him as the architect of victory, but Mr. Churchill has not allowed credit to be showered on him without sharing it with others.

Mr. Ernest Bevin is burly in body and blunt in speech. He has no time for finesse in politics. He prefers to say all that he feels and thinks regardless of the consequences. In other words, he is the John Bull of the present time. Apparently his colleagues in the Labour Party were embarrassed by the forthright terms of his speech, about which they had not been consulted. At the same time it can be



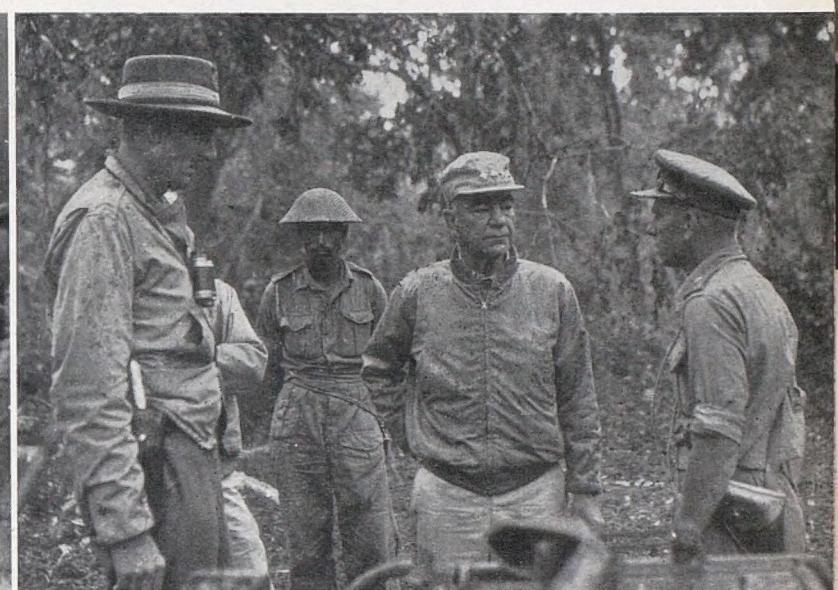
Lt.-Gen. Slim in Mandalay

On the day after the liberation of Mandalay by troops of the 19th Indian Division, Lt.-Gen. Sir William Slim, commander of the 14th Army, broadcast for the B.B.C. Here he is beside the microphone



The Air C.-in-C. S.E.A.C. on Ramree Island

Air Marshal Sir Keith Park (right) Air C.-in-C., South East Asia, is seen above talking to Air Cdr. the Earl of Bandon (centre), the Arakan Group Commander, and a British Colonel. He was visiting men of British and Indian fighter squadrons based on Ramree Island



Allied Commanders in Central Burma

Major-Gen. F. W. Festing received Lt.-Gen. Dan I. Sultan, Commander of U.S. troops in the India-Burma theatre, when he made an inspection of the forward areas of the British 36th Division. Gen. Festing commands the Division, and with them is Major J. R. Tysoe

This does not mean that I do not expect Russia to declare war on Japan. She will have to do this, but Marshal Stalin may think that power diplomacy may compel the Japanese to admit to defeat. In any case, the Japanese are not likely to hold out to the bitter end as Hitler is doing. The situation of Japan is much different from that of Germany. In fact Japan is more like the Germany of 1918. In Japan there are political parties in existence and, above all, there is the Emperor. His word is still law in Japan. Recent changes in the Japanese Cabinet show the uneasiness of the political situation, and give cause for hope that they might yet ask for the Allied terms rather than allow Tokyo and other Japanese cities to be bombed out of existence.

Calm

AFTER all the flurry it seems that the General Election will not be held until the autumn at the earliest. For a brief moment it seemed that Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour and National Service, had overturned the Coalition and made its continuance in its present form impossible. What Mr. Bevin had failed to do, it appeared that Mr. Brendan Bracken, the Minister of Information, had completed. The bitterness of Mr. Bevin's attack on the Conservative Party and the

said that they must have been relieved when he declared himself uncompromisingly in support of the official policy of the Labour Party. There had been some doubts as to what were Mr. Bevin's intentions, for he has never been a Party hack. Now that he has declared himself, it would be folly for anybody to fail to realize what a tower of strength he will be for the Labour Party. He will mean many, many votes for them.

Loyalty

THERE was no suggestion in Mr. Bevin's speech that he had abandoned his belief in the necessity of continuing some form of National Government after the General Election. Mr. Bevin is not the only member of the Labour Party who thinks in this way. It is said that Mr. Herbert Morrison, although not one of Mr. Bevin's closest friends, is of the same opinion. Mr. Brendan Bracken did not give any clue to his thoughts on the question of a future coalition. He hit out boldly, and some of his friends thought rather wildly, for Conservative principles, without any regard for the changing conditions of the time. It was the speech of a Tory die-hard, one who is opposed to all forms of control and wants to see healthy individualism restored to its rightful place.



The Duchess and the U.S.A.A.F.

The Duchess of Kent visited a group of the U.S. Army 8th Air Force, and saw Fortresses returning from a mission. With her here are 2/Lt. Frank Pappas, a navigator, Col. Macdonald, commander of the group, Gen. Doolittle and G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, R.A.F.

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The Theatre

"The Assassin" (Savoy)

ANY one who writes a romantic play about an event as recent as the assassination of Admiral Darlan runs the risk of distracting his audience with a quiz of irrelevant questions. Was Darlan's murderer executed? Yes, of course—but when?—or did he shoot himself? And did he, in fact, profess Royalist principles? Was Darlan shot at a radio station, or in his own office? Strange, but we cannot at the moment remember exactly what happened. It may be good for us that the wretchedness of our memories should be thus exposed, but it is not good for the play, which at every turn adds to the baffling quiz a fresh question.

All who bring history to the stage are in some degree the prisoners of fact, but the shackles of the remote past lie tolerably light. The dramatist could not, it is true, show Charles I chopping off Cromwell's head without stirring the audience to snorts of disbelief, but he is safe in assuming that the facts generally known about most historical personages are very few and very simple. Within the bounds of these facts his imagination can work pretty freely and the results are usually received with the bland interest of comfortable ignorance. But it is a different matter when the history is taken, not from learned tomes, but from the newspapers. Then we all develop something of the historian's pride and pernicketyness, and leave the theatre saying: "Yes, that was all very well, but how did it really happen?"

MR. IRWIN SHAW does what he can to still these distracting questions or to insist on their utter irrelevance to the story which he has chosen to tell. Yet the protective devices he provides are not strong enough, and inevitably the wings of romantic melodrama are singed in Algerian political fires. His story keeps its proper distance from history only in

the early episodes, which are admirable cinema, showing men and women of the underground movement outwitting and being outwitted by a suavely sinister Vichy agent. It is from this duel of wits that the hero—a young Royalist exquisite—emerges and with him the story. He chances to fall in love with one of the de Gaulist women and naturally becomes a de Gaulist. When the Admiral throws his new friends into prison he goes with them, and to procure their release he enters into a bargain with one of the Admiral's military rivals. If he will shoot the Admiral he will be tried for his life and condemned to death; but on the scaffold a dying consumptive will take his place. It is an ugly bargain but they are ugly days and somewhat naïvely he agrees to become the Admiral's assassin; but the urbane general wants no living accomplices, and the poor young man dies bewildered.

SUCH a story has obvious difficulty in keeping the hero on his melodramatic legs. The crooked Admiral is a more interesting figure than his assassin, and we see little of him. The blandly insinuating general who contrives the assassination is more interesting than his victim, and we see little more of him than of the Admiral. The importance of the assassin is an accidental importance. He is important simply because he has changed history, and the chimney pot that crashes on a statesman's head may do as much without becoming interesting in itself. Mr. Barry Morse plays the impulsive young Royalist with verve and there are accomplished performances by Mr. Henry Oscar and Mr. J. H. Roberts; but the evening for all its flashes of excitement is either too romantic or not romantic enough.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



Unscrupulous Dictator:
Admiral Vespasy administers
law (Arthur Young)

Right: Love in the Under-
ground (Rosalyn Boulter,
Barry Morse)



*Official intrigue: French general and Vichy
Agent (J. H. Roberts, Henry Oscar)*



Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton and Lt. Bruce Tuck were members of a party at Ciro's. She is Lord Noel-Buxton's eldest daughter



Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, elder of the Duke of Devonshire's two daughters, was at a table with Lt. David Keith



Miss Patricia Macauley, sister of Viscountess Vaughan, was dining with Lord Ogilvy, the Earl of Airlie's son

Restaurant Roundabout

Recent Pictures

Photographs at Bagatelle, Ciro's and Mirabell by Swaebe



Col. Lionel Neame, Lady Moira Combe, Capt. Mitford and Miss Pauline Tyler had reached the ice-cream stage when they were photographed



Major Eddie Murphy was entertaining Mrs. John Gandy. She is an ambulance driver for the American Red Cross



Sitting in a row were the Hon. Julian Mond, Lady Cecilia Anson, Lt. J. Hayward, Miss J. Callingham and Lt. T. Colvin



Dining together: Major J. B. Freeman and Major Viscount Anson



Tête-à-tête: Capt. Nigel Miskin and Mrs. Ian Hope-Johnston



The Minister of Reconstruction's Daughter Married in London

Capt. John H. Sandeman Allen, R.A., only son of Col. J. Sandeman Allen, M.P., and the Hon. Margaret Marquis, only daughter of Lord and Lady Woolton, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. Above are the bride and groom, with Lord Woolton and the Hon. Roger Marquis

Three people who were sitting together at the reception, which was held at the Savoy Hotel, were Lady Perry, Viscountess Simon and Lord Perry, while behind them Lord Southwood is seen in conversation with Viscount Simon, the Lord Chancellor

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Empire Delegates

THOUGH there was no formal, general welcome to the delegates from the Dominions and India who have come to London to discuss Empire matters before the war in Europe comes to its end, all the chief figures taking part in these important pre-peace talks were greeted separately at Buckingham Palace by the King, who received each of them in private audience. Field-Marshal Smuts, the great veteran statesman from South Africa, for whom our own Prime Minister has such unbounded admiration, dined with Their Majesties at the Palace, and Mr. Peter Fraser, Premier of New Zealand, was entertained to lunch.

Tall, smiling Sir Firoz Khan Noon, one of India's two chief delegates, is, of course, an old and tried acquaintance of Their Majesties, and a well-known and much-liked figure in London, where he made many friends in his period as

High Commissioner. Now, as Defence Member of the Governor-General's Executive Council, he is responsible for much of India's war effort, and, together with Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar, his fellow-delegate, who is Supply Member of the Council, has his attention focussed largely on the war in the East.

Opening of the "Flat"

ORD DUDLEY, who was fortunate enough to win the very first race of the season, was one of quite a number of well-known folk who went to Ascot for the opening meeting of the "flat." The Duke of Norfolk, acting as one of the stewards, was there; so was the Earl of Rosebery, who I noticed in the unsaddling ring, talking to the Duchess of Norfolk. The Duchess, who seems to have lost weight recently, was in a warm-coloured two-piece of dark red with a small squared pattern of black.

Others there included American-born, vivacious Lady Sefton, in a short fur coat and blue dress with Lord Sefton; genial G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, who was telling friends of his experiences visiting our forces in Holland and Belgium a few weeks ago; Capt. Charles Moore, tall, grey-moustached manager of His Majesty's Thoroughbred Stud, also doing duty as a steward; and the Earl of Gowrie, V.C., making one of his first public appearances since his appointment to succeed Lord Wigram as Deputy Governor of Windsor Castle. He too was a steward of the meeting. One familiar figure missing from the circle of trainers was that of Steve Donoghue, and many were the toasts of memory drunk to him by racegoers on the course where he was so much loved.

Sailors' Day

ANOTHER of the Duchess of Norfolk's recent activities has been in connection with the Lord Mayor's Fund for Seamen. In her simple navy-blue coat with fancy buttons, and navy saucer hat, she seemed a very young chairman at Admiralty House the other day when she introduced the Lord Mayor and Admiral Sir Edward Evans, but she showed not the slightest sign of nervousness. She made an excellent speech herself and never looked at a note. She has a clear, strong voice and is obviously interested in the sailors. "We must make their future secure," she said. She seemed to want to do it



Committee Meeting for the World Premiere of "They Were Sisters"

A preliminary committee meeting was held recently in connection with the first performance of the film "They Were Sisters," to be held on May 16th at the Gaumont Theatre, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Royal and Merchant Navies. Above, Admiral Sir Edward Evans, who spoke at the meeting, talks to Lady Cunningham and Mr. Harold Huth, producer of the film



The Duchess of Norfolk, chairman of the world premiere committee, is seen here with Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who is co-president with Lady Leathers. The meeting was held at Admiralty House

there and then, for she told her audience that she expected to sell 1328 tickets for the film premiere *They Were Sisters*, on May 16th, before they left the room!

Mrs. A. V. Alexander, President of Sailors' Day, said that the Duchess was one of the best chairmen she had known, and the Duchess told me afterwards that she is president or chairman of every committee in her county—and sometimes she is "laid flat" with all the work. Here are a few of her jobs. She is Central Organiser for W.V.S. and County Organiser for West Sussex "Rural Pennies." She is proud that hers is the leading county. "It means," she said, "that over a penny a week per head is collected." The Duchess is also Vice-President of the Red Cross for Arundel centre.

Lady Currie was at the meeting, wearing a bright blue cloth sailor cap on her grey curls.



Christened in London

William Percy Maxwell, baby son of Sir Lacey and Lady Vincent, was christened at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is seen with his parents and his three-year-old sister. Lady Vincent is a daughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir W. R. Robertson



Family Group at the Wedding of Admiral Sir William Whitworth's Daughter

The marriage of Major Gordon Walton Alston, R.A., and Miss Margaret Isabel Whitworth, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. A reception was held at Admiralty House. Back row: Lt.-Col. Stirling Alston (now R.N.V.R., bridegroom's father), Brig. Fitzroy Maclean (best man), the bride and bridegroom, Miss Petica Alston (bridesmaid), Admiral Sir William Whitworth, C-in-C Rosyth (bride's father). In front: Lady Whitworth and Mrs. Stirling Alston

She was unwilling to talk of her work for Indian Comforts, of which Mrs. Amery is chairman, but she has been on the job since the fund was started in 1940.

"Wonderful letters of gratitude come from the soldiers," Lady Currie told me, "and Indian prisoners of war who returned recently from Germany said that they would have died if it had not been for our food parcels."

World Premiere

THE world premiere of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, at the Odeon Theatre, was reminiscent of the famous Hollywood premieres, with tremendous crowds outside the theatre watching famous film-stars and stage celebrities arriving to meet a barrage of photographers' flashlights in the foyer. Lord Southwood, as President of this very successful premiere, must have been very gratified at the wonderful response to his appeal, and the magnificent sum raised to start a benevolent fund for the benefit of anyone employed in the film industry. Mr. Arthur Rank,

who had generously given the film, the theatre, and stood all the expenses for the evening, was greeting friends in the foyer, among them Tony Havelock-Allan, associate producer of *Blithe Spirit*, and his lovely actress-wife, Valerie Hobson.

Noel Coward, looking very tanned and fit, arrived with Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, who was art supervisor of the film; Miss Lili Palmer came to see the fine performance of her husband, Rex Harrison, in the film; Miss Margaret Rutherford, who played the part of Mme. Arcati, a medium, in the film, was there to see her own performance, and must have been amused at the many laughs from the audience at her clever rendering of the part. After the show she was besieged in the foyer by autograph hunters, and good-naturedly must have signed her name dozens of times.

Among the Audience

MISS PHYLLIS CALVERT, chairman of the premiere, looked very attractive in a black

(Continued on page 74)



A Cheerful Group at Eastbourne

LADY ANNE Cavendish and Marquess of Hartington, daughter and daughter-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire, paid a visit to the headquarters of the A.I.F. Reception Group in the United Kingdom. With them are Major B. P. Gillett, Capt. H. A. Davidson-Craig, Major H. A. Solomon, Capt. R. S. Whittington, Brig. E. Gorman, M.C., and Capt. C. F. W. Bayliss, M.C.



Tea-Party for Women Volunteers

LADY LEESO entertained to tea women's units from seven voluntary organisations who were leaving for the Far Eastern theatre of war. Lady Wavell, wife of the Viceroy, was also present. In the picture: Miss Phyllis Parker, Miss Bridget Bostock, Mrs. Simond, Lady Leese, Miss June Taylor, Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Miss Irene Buller, and sitting: Miss Evelyn Hallatt and Lady Wavell



Some of Those Who Visited an Exhibition of Pictures in London

Lady Patricia Ramsay was an early visitor to the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, now open in London. She looked at the paintings with Mr. Charles S. Cheston

Lady Plender was discussing the Exhibition with the famous artist Mr. William Russell Flint, R.A. He is the President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

suit with a little black sequin cap; Miss Marion Gerth was hatless; so was Miss Dorothy Dickson. G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig was in R.A.F. uniform; so was Air Vice-Marshal Sir Norman Macewen, who was accompanied by his wife; Viscount Bridgeman was in khaki; Maud Duchess of Wellington, wearing lovely jewellery, with a cerise band round her hair, brought a party of friends, which included her son-in-law, Capt. the Hon. David Rhys. Lady Iris O'Malley was there; so was the tall and good-looking Countess of Kenmare, who takes a great interest

in the production of films; and Lady Sinclair, wife of the Secretary of State for Air, was in the audience. Mrs. Duncan Sandys slipped in nearly unnoticed, and must have felt very proud of her famous father when the news-reel came on the screen showing pictures of the Prime Minister at the front crossing the Rhine, and being cheered by the troops as he moved amongst them. His appearance on the screen was greeted by a spontaneous and tremendous burst of applause from the audience.

Wedding

THE HON. MARGARET JUDITH MARQUIS, who is a Junior Commander A.T.S., made a handsome bride in her dress of white brocade when she married Capt. John Sandeman Allen

at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. Lord Woolton, festive with a red rose in his coat, gave her away, and with Lady Woolton received many guests afterwards at the Savoy. At one table I saw Lord Simon chatting with Lord Southwood, while Lady Simon sat at another table near by. In his speech, Lord Woolton reminded the guests that as he had controlled and rationed them for so long that he had decided to control and ration them once more—in the way of a speech. There was only one—and that a short one—by him!

Family News

THE many naval friends of Lord Selsdon, who won the D.S.C. some while ago for most conspicuous gallantry whilst serving with the

(Concluded on page 88)



Lady Graham-Little, wife of the M.P. for London University, talked to Dr. P. S. Gerbrandy, Prime Minister of the Netherlands, and behind them are Mr. W. H. McGrath and Cdr. Nuboer

Col. Birdwood, son of Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, and Commandant Lechat, Belgian Assistant Military Attaché, were two guests of the Allies Welcome Committee

Sir Alexander Fleming was there with Lady Fleming. He is the discoverer of Penicillin, and was given a knighthood for his work in connection with the drug, in 1944



Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley, a member of the Welcome Committee, entertained Mme. Unaydin, while Viscountess Elibank and M. Unaydin, the Turkish Ambassador, were in conversation



The Allies Welcome Committee's Reception at the Dorchester Hotel

Five at the reception: Mme. Aka; Lady Monkswell, a member of the Committee; Lt.-Cdr. Sobels, R.N.N.; Mrs. Longmore, daughter-in-law of the Air Chief-Marshal; and Col. Aka, Turkish Military Attaché



Mrs. D. Sholto Douglas and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior



Maud Duchess of Wellington and Capt. the Hon. David Rhys



Mr. Tony Havelock-Allan and his wife, Valerie Hobson

First-Nighters at the Film Version of "Blithe Spirit"

Many well-known personalities attended the world premiere of Noel Coward's play *Blithe Spirit*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square. Here are some of them arriving at the cinema before the performance



Mr. Moody and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, daughter of the Prime Minister



Mr. Noel Coward, the playwright, and Mrs. Gladys Calthrop



Mr. Peter Murray Hill, Phyllis Calvert and Mr. J. A. Rank



Mrs. J. A. Rank, wife of the Chairman of the Odeon Theatre



Mr. Ben Levy and Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.



Mr. Ernest Brown, M.P., and Mrs. Brown



Sir William Jowitt with Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Williams

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another.

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

FOR the third time in seven months the citizens of Leicester have won the G.P.O.'s "Brevity Prize" for trunk-calls, with an average of 3 minutes per call. No theory was put forward to explain this curious taciturnity. We could think of a fairly plausible one, namely, the proximity of what hunting chaps call "High Leicestershire."

High Leicestershire embraces the pick of the territory of four world-famous packs, the Quorn, the Belyoir, the Cottesmore, and Fernie's. Normally for nearly half the year (if you're following) the average "provincial" hunting country rings with savage yells from mottled pans crazy with passion.

"You headed my bloody fox!"

"I bloody well did not head your bloody fox!"
(etc., etc., etc.)

If similar conditions prevail—and four-fold—in High Leicestershire, Heaven forbid, it may be that these noises have terrified the citizens of Leicester almost into complete dumbness. Our spies report that they converse nowadays chiefly by signs. This seems pretty significant.

Footnote

IT was not always thus (our spies add). Every Leicester dinner-table once sparkled with all the arts of polite conversation, flashing epigrams, delicious, flowing monologues, a constant give-and-take of lambent

wit. Late in the eighteenth century all this prattle began to dry up, owing probably to the blood-freezing noises outside, till to-day the longest Leicester trunk-call takes only three minutes, as we see. Strong, silent business men in London who gabble and chatter happily all day long are extremely puzzled, incidentally, when after a laconic "Sell out at 48" or "Your esteemed per pro 18th ult C.O.D. advise 500 gross gents' sox f.o.b. herewith," the receiver at the Leicester end goes down. What? No funny stories? Hey! Miss Uh! Boy!

Symbol

SABRE-GASHES, tall beer-steins, elaborate pipes, barking choruses, stout blondes, and the comic little hats and uniforms of the *Burschenschaft* or students' corps made a visual background for most of us, no doubt, to the news of the capture of Old Heidelberg.

(ff., *prestissimo*)

Who comes from yonder hill?
Who comes from yonder hill?
Who comes from yonder leathery hill?
Sa! sa!
Leathery hill!
Who comes from yonder hill?



"I do wish you wouldn't play with the children so much, dear"

Many of the old classic Heidelberg choruses, an ex-alumnus tells us, are as artless as the one above, which roars on endlessly about a leathery postillion, the effects of the leathery Fox-Tobacco ("Now he is leathery sick!"), a leathery Papa, and a dozen other leathery matters. Heidelberg sabre-rattling, this chap added, was greatly exaggerated in his time, like Heidelberg romance. He explained the hats of the students' corps as a symbol of arrested mental development, like the schoolboy caps worn by first-class and Test cricketers.

Sir Osbert Sitwell first proclaimed the truth about the leathery cricket cap, unless we err. It stands for a lot of peculiar mysticism, notably the belief that well-shaved chaps are decent chaps. To a blue-eyed slow-bowler who believed this we once murmured, "Wisden is justified of her children." He stared and said: "You mean 'Wisdom'?" And at that bit of pure pathos, chicks, we broke down and cried, bygones.

Stripling

CONTEMPLATING the youthful elegance of a popular West End musical-comedy actor last week, we wondered what a sour theatre critic meant by mumbling vaguely about new blood in the lighter-theatre.

Very few *jeunes premiers* now playing in London are over sixty. This is mere infancy in our rough island theatrical story, which we've been looking up. You've doubtless heard of the celebrated eighteenth-century actor and playwright, Charles Macklin? Macklin gave his farewell performance at Drury Lane at the age of ninety-nine, wrote a five-act comedy at 101, and died at 107, as recorded on his memorial tablet in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. The Island Race, which comes second only to the Chinese in its veneration for the feat of living, could do with a few more Macklins to applaud, maybe.

(Concluded on page 78)



"Rosemary has just said her first word"



Dante, making his appearance this season, parades in the ring before an enthusiastic crowd



A smile on the face of the jockey, Nevett, as Dante wins by four lengths in the Rosebery Stakes

The Derby Favourite Wins at Stockton

Sir Eric Ohlson's Colt
Has an Easy Race



Sir Eric Ohlson, owner of Dante, was there with his wife to see his horse run at Stockton



A well-known trainer in the North : H. Peacock



Dante, favourite for the Two Thousand and the Derby, returns to scale after his easy win



Nevett unsaddles the winner, watched by the horse's owner and trainer



Trainers Capt. Elsey and Mr. N. Murrless both had winners at Stockton



Lt.-Col. R. Straker, one of the stewards, is seen here with Matt Peacock, trainer of Dante

Standing By ...

(Continued)

The French, who still have Mistinguett (said to have been patted on the head by Louis XIV.) are inclined to take her lightly. At a party some years ago in Paris an elderly female tease with grey hair rushed up to Mistinguett and cried "Maman!" "I think," said Mistinguett crisply, "there is some mistake, Mademoiselle—I am married." Which was pretty good, but revealed on the tease's part an un-English lack of reverence which will shock every decent balletomane.

Blow

WHETHER that thirteen-year-old girl W who charmed one of the Fleet Street boys by playing the cornet in a recent massed brass-band contest has been rightly advised by her family and friends it is difficult to decide. Much may be said, no doubt, on both sides.

At thirteen cornet-playing is a great adventure. But what does ripening womanhood hold for an unfortunate sweet with bulging cheeks and distended eyeballs, except more cornet-playing? What of buxom matronhood and serene old age? Don't trouble to reply. We know all about Correggio and Rubens' angels playing F-trumpets. They have no social or romantic problems, whereas this cornet child's future might inspire a more poignant version of the big scene in some drama like *Lady Windermere's Fan*. E.g.:

MRS. ERLYNNE: If you dare to tell her, there is no depth of degradation I will not sink to, no pit of shame I will not enter!

[Lord Windermere groans and hides his face.]

Mrs. E. takes a cornet from her ample corsage, shakes it dry, and purses her lips.]

MRS. ERLYNNE: "Alpine Memories."

[She begins to play a bravura piece on her cornet. When she gets to the avalanche bit, Lord W. rolls on the carpet in anguish.]

[Enter Lady Windermere, stops aghast.]

LORD WINDERMERE: Margaret! . . . This is . . . your mother!

[Enter Parker.]

PARKER: Lord Augustus Something and a couple of duchesses, I didn't catch the names, Murble or Gumble, or something.

[Exit Parker. Lady W., transfixed with horror, stares at Mrs. E.]

LADY WINDERMERE: Mother! . . . A cornettiste!

Oh, God!

MRS. ERLYNNE: "Glittering Span-gles."

[She shakes the cornet dry and begins a gay, twiddly piece. Slow curtain.]

Parker seems a bit odd, we admit, but consider his astonishment and shame. Half an hour hence he will be in the butlers' bar at the Crown and Cushion, bowed double in agony.

Arcadiana

DOWN in the Hick Belt we didn't share your urban hysteria recently over the first B.B.C. weather-forecast to farmers since 1939. We're fairly used to the weather. Gorm it, whatever it is, we say. And (if it comes to that) gorm you, too.

What we hayseeds do resent, in the intervals of triturating the soil and thumping our wives, is the patronising impression that before the B.B.C. kindly began giving us forecasts we were just stumbling along blindfold. Since the dawn of Time we've had our own good methods of predicting weather. Some look simple, such as wetting one finger and holding it up to the wind, meanwhile repeating a certain formula. Others you never hear about, such as the drawing of a pentagram in the dust and the sacrifice of a black cock. When you hear us singing and dancing, that's another weather-divination ritual. The *Allegro* of



"I caught this one red-handed, sir; but you should have seen the one that got away"

Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, No. VI., Op. 68, is founded on this. "Merry gathering of peasants," Beethoven calls it, but that is merely eyewash. ("Merry!" Gorm you, again.)

Jewel

IF you have heard this story (now going round) before, even 187 times, we are deathly indifferent, for we doubt if you have yet appreciated the taut perfection of its form, the exquisite economy of the means employed to ensure the end, the austere sufficiency, so to speak, of its *galbe*. However, let's not be fussy. This is the story:

A chap went into a café and stopped short at the sight of another chap playing chess at a table, with a large Alsatian dog as his partner. The player made a move; the dog made a move. The player reflected deeply and made another move; so, in his turn, did the dog. At length the spectator was forced to express loud admiration.

"That's a damn clever dog of yours, sir," he said.

The chessplayer looked up with a preoccupied frown.

"Not at all," he said. "I've just beaten him two games running."

The only thing we can compare this jewel of a story with, in its crystalline, virginal perfection, is a little clavier-piece by the elder Couperin called *Sœur Monique*. Only Mr. James Thurber could illustrate it properly, perhaps.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Well! Well! That certainly is a marked improvement on Man Friday's footprints"



Viscountess Devonport was Miss Sheila Hope-Murray before her marriage in 1938. She is the daughter of Col. C. Hope-Murray, of Morishill, Beith, Ayrshire. She has a daughter, Marilyn, and a son, Terence, who was born last August. Lord Devonport, who served in the last war in the Scots Guards, is a member of Lloyds

Family Album



Left :
Mrs. Milligan is seen here with her baby daughter, Fiona. She is a daughter of Mr. D. J. Cassaretti, of Cotmore, Bicester, Oxfordshire. Her husband, Major Milligan, in peacetime a master at Eton, is at present serving in the Scots Guards with the B.L.A.



Mrs. Ian Debenham is one of the two daughters of Sir Frederick and Lady Godber, of 1, Cornwall Terrace, W. Her husband is W/Cdr. A. I. S. Debenham, D.F.C., R.A.F., only son of the late Mr. A. S. Debenham. Their son is called Michael



Photographs by Compton
Collier, Marcus Adams,
Thomas Fall and
Lenare

Left :
Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. C. P. C. Noble were married in 1940, and their son, Michael, was born in July 1942. Lt.-Cdr. Noble is the only son of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, K.C.B., C.V.O., R.N., and Lady Noble, and his wife is the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Ronald Hopwood. Sir Percy Noble was for two years Head of the British Admiralty Delegation in Washington

A New Production in Rehearsal

"Uncle Vanya" Goes into the Repertory

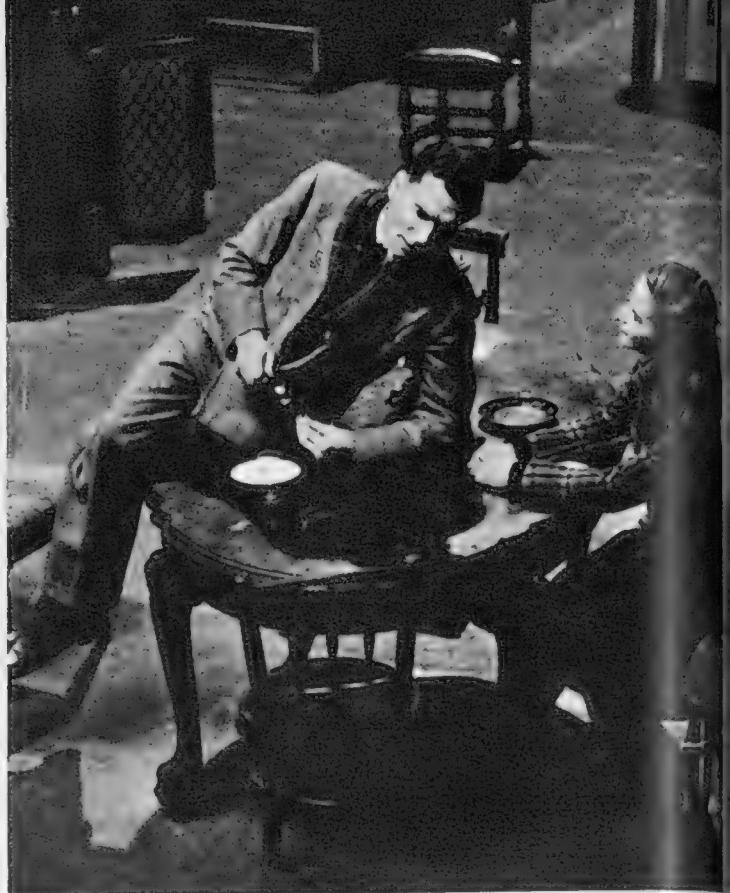
Programme of the Old Vic



John Burrell, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, joint directors of the Old Vic Theatre Company, discuss the introduction of "Uncle Vanya" into their programme

• Few people outside the theatre have any idea of the enormous amount of labour involved in the presentation of a new production—especially the introduction into an already-established repertory season of a play of the histrionic magnitude of *Uncle Vanya*. Weeks of conference in which the basic difficulties of production and casting are discussed by the directors are followed by readings with the cast, the delegation of decor and costume design, the appointment of a musical director if incidental music is necessary, and finally the rehearsals themselves, in the early stages of which the atmosphere and reality of the situation exist only in the imagination of the players. Meanwhile, the wardrobe mistress is kept busy on the costumes, the workshops get on with the scenery, the stage managers start their search for the right "props," atmosphere must be created, and all the time the show—that is, the current nightly performance—must go on. The pictures on these pages will give some idea of the work of the Old Vic Theatre Company—behind the scenes

Photographs by John Vickers



The midnight scene in Act II. between Astrov and Sonya is rehearsed by Olivier and Joyce Redman. Atmosphere and reality of the situation exist as yet only in the imagination and conviction of the actors



Behind the scenes a conference goes on between Tanya Moiseiwitsch, daughter of Benno (in kerchief), who designed the scenery and costumes, and Maria Garde, Chief of the Old Vic wardrobe, who is in charge of clothes

Another conference takes place between John Sullivan, the stage director, and his two stage managers, Diana Boddington and David Kentish. A large number of properties and suitable period furniture is necessary for this production



The same scene as it is finally played to a packed audience at the New Theatre. Every detail has been attended to in order to achieve complete reality. This is the moment when Sonya begs Astrov not to drink so much



The curtain is about to go up. The musical director, Herbert Menges, holds his baton poised waiting for the green light which signalises the start of the overture



Last-minute words of advice are given by producer John Burrell. On the stage are Joyce Redman (Sonya), Harcourt Williams (the Professor), Laurence Olivier (Astrov), Margaret Leighton (Yelena), George Relph (Waffles), Sybil Thorndike (nurse) and Ralph Richardson (Vanya)



Final fitting : Margaret Leighton stands in one of the costumes she wears as Yelena, the Professor's second wife. Maria Garde adds a final touch under the watchful eye of the designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch



A typical rehearsal scene : Jack Lovel fixes one of his "props," Diana Boddington checks equipment for the last act, Henry Bird touches up the paintwork, while Tanya Moiseiwitsch jokes with Joyce Redman, whose hair is being fixed more securely



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Archbishop of York : The Most Rev. and Rt. Hon. Cyril Garbett, P.C.

Dr. Cyril Garbett was appointed to the See of York in 1942, after having been Bishop of Winchester for ten years. Previously, his work as Bishop of Southwark, from 1919 to 1932, endeared him to Londoners, and his book, *In the Heart of South London*, tells of his experiences during that time. Dr. Garbett is President of the Oxford Union and Proctor for Clergy in the Lower House of Canterbury, and was Clerk of the Closet to the King from 1937 to 1942. In September 1943 the Archbishop visited Moscow, where he spent nine days, meeting many of the ecclesiastics and seeing some of the social experiments being carried out there. He described his journey as one of the most interesting he had ever undertaken. On his way home he stopped at Cairo, where he preached in the Cathedral. In April the following year Dr. Garbett went on a four-weeks tour of the United States and Canada. He discussed relationships between the Protestant Episcopal Church in America and the Church of England, as well as Church rehabilitation after the war. Early this month he left England for a three-weeks visit to Italy, where he will see units of the Navy, the Army and the Royal Air Force

Priscilla in Paris

Return of the Prisoners

• Priscilla, whose regular weekly contribution to *The Tatler*, "Priscilla in Paris," was one of its best-loved features before the war, is writing for us again—not regularly as yet, for ambulance-driving still claims priority on her time, but spasmodically as the opportunity occurs. Here is her latest contribution—a rather sad little picture of railway stations in the cold dawn, of wounded soldiers, of the prisoners' return

D.O.A.H. I have been so perplexed and bothered by all the new strings of initials and letters that I have had to cope with, that inspired by the unlovely spirit of retaliation, I have decided to make up a form of greeting of my own with which to start this "intimate letter" (I quote from H. Simonis's *The Street of Ink*), and, having coined my own little phrase of greeting, I have boiled it down in the accepted manner.

Therefore, D.O.A.H. Can you guess what these letters stand for? I offer a prize for the correct solution. Some little souvenir of my next trip to where they are hanging out the washing. A bristle from Adolf's toothbrush (if things go on as they are going now), or one of the Fat Man's medals... choose for yourselves, and I will do my utmost to oblige.

I have covered quite a few kilometres in northern, western, and, above all, eastern directions since last I wrote of the homecoming of a civilian exile to Paris. A description I intended to follow up with the Other Side of the Picture—that of the returning soldier, or, in point of fact, anything in uniform, with buttons brass or otherwise. The transport, the food, the shelter, the entertainment that awaits him—or her—(which is as it should be) and the snug time that will be his—or, again, her—reward after a job accomplished. But that can wait a bit. There are others who are now returning. Men whose eyes are "homes of silent prayer," and one feels that, for them, panem et circenses as yet offer little, if any, compensation for the years they have just endured.

In an endless drab stream they are coming

back. "Thank God!" we cry. But one's sanguine dreams of joyous scenes of reunion, of the delirious realisation of freedom that expresses itself boisterously with cheers and songs and laughter, vanish when one faces the reality of the maimed crowds that the trains disgorge.

I wonder what mysterious alchemy of fate (which is rather a grand synonym for "mismanagement") brings these trains in at midnight or at dawn, when the warmest blood is chilled and the bravest hearts beat lowest; when hot drinks are tepid, the supply of cigarettes runs low, the matches have vanished, and the lighters refuse to light. Not that they ever complain of these shortcomings of which we—who would give them the earth if we could—perhaps exaggerate the importance. They are all so immensely, but oh, so quietly grateful for all that is done for them, and they so rarely smile that their gravity frightens one a little. One has the feeling that, all the time, they still expect some unknown sorrow to be lurking in wait round the corner.

Perhaps we are to blame for this. As much as possible the bad news from the Home Front was kept from them, and now the losses that we have borne and—since no pain endures for ever—become accustomed to or, even, forgotten, come to their knowledge with sudden and overwhelming shock.

Even the tiny things become important. The favourite café where they took their evening apéritif is no more; the little caboulot, where they picnicked on Sunday (on peut apporter son manger), is now a mound of rotting timber and broken bricks; the old

cobbler who mended shoes so well has gone out of business—all this is tragedy. The new-born babies have become boys in breeches and pert little girls. A new slang is spoken. The old dog has died and his successor growls at his master. This fair-haired lass has become a brunette and the brunettes have faded to cendré. Everything changes in five years, and the War Years count as double. The pictures memory painted in the gloom of the prison camp were more warmly coloured than reality.

Amongst the many I have driven to their homes I only heard one man laugh with full-throated amusement, and that was when he saw his wife's best hat. But wait—I am forgetting the grim smiles of satisfaction on the faces of the five men I brought from S—— the other day when we passed a couple of lorry-loads of German prisoners.

After that I made quite a few détours—and hang the expense (expense being another word for petrol)—in order to show them the Hun prisoners' camps and the road-mending gangs (it was a nice rainy day) that I knew to be in that part of the world.

These five men were going into hospital in Paris. The doctors and nurses had a royal welcome for them, but we had the shock of our lives when we discovered the stretcher-bearers to be Huns. The Unimaginative Powers that Be had misguidedly imagined that this would be a neat piece of revenge, but it worked out differently. Our poor, sick lads were terrified of being jolted or even dropped... so we carried them ourselves and the Huns were returned to behind the bars whence they never should have been let out.

I hope this is not too grey a picture of the returning flood of survivors. That they are returning and that they see the eager arms stretched out to welcome them is the main thing. These are early days. We are in the midst of a period of readjustment and trying-to-do-for-the-best-ness. There is so much good will, such love, so many hands willing and eager to serve and so much courage and patience amongst those who are returning, that nothing but happiness can eventually come of such efforts.

D.O.A.H. I do so love writing to you.
PRISCILLA.



Tronchet, Paris

One of the "Tedder Girls"

Mlle. Elena Sanz Limantour, Spanish by birth, French by adoption, English by education, nursed at a French civilian hospital during the German occupation. She is now one of the "Tedder Girls," and has helped Mrs. Anthony Eden ever since the first A.E.F. Club in Paris was opened. Before the war, her parents entertained many distinguished English friends at their home in Dieppe



Harcourt, Paris

Miss Gertrude Stein Welcomes an American Sergeant

An exhibition of Sir Francis Rose's paintings has been sponsored by Miss Gertrude Stein at the Galerie Renou et Cie—the first exhibition of work by an English artist since the liberation of the city. The British Ambassador and Lady Diana Duff Cooper were at the opening with the Vicomtesse de Noailles, the Countess de Sais, Mr. McEwen, of the British Council, and other well-known celebrities. Sir Francis included some of his Hommage au Nain allegorical paintings and two interpretations of modern war, all of which aroused great interest in the French capital.



Fishing on the Tweed Near Kelso

Lady Carew was on a short visit to Scotland from her home in Ireland, and is seen enjoying an afternoon's fishing on the Tweed. She is the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale's only daughter, and lives in Co. Kildare

The Countess of Lauderdale was also fishing, while her daughter-in-law, Lady Maitland, waded out with the net. The Lauderdale's place is Thirlestane Castle, Co. Berwick, and their son, Lord Maitland, was killed in 1943

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A 10.R.H. Promotion

ALL his friends, in and out of the 10th Hussars, will congratulate that popular officer Lieut.-General C. H. Gairdner upon his appointment as the Prime Minister's Special Representative with General MacArthur in the Pacific Zone. He succeeds the late Lieut.-General H. Lumsden, who was killed in action on January 6th. General Charles Gairdner was the backbone of those 10th Hussar polo teams which came right to the top in inter-regimental contests in India, and then later in England; where they are still the holders of the Inter-Regimental Cup. This is the second epoch in 10th Hussar polo history when they have been almost unbeatable, the previous time having been during the Consulship of "Pedlar" Palmer, Billy Palms, "Pick" Annesley, John Vaughan and that officer who will, perhaps be

best remembered as "The Gibblet." An old wound in the leg greatly cramped Charles Gairdner's efforts in England, but he seemed to be all right in India and later on in Cairo. He has compiled a very good polo anthology, which I hope we may see later on. Just before this war the 10th were not only cocks of the walk where polo was concerned, but were winning a lot of races between the flags by favour of Roddick, Roscoe Harvey, Kim Muir, and, later, the C.O. himself.

Any "Forrader"?

AS regards what is going to win the Guineas on May 9th as a result of what happened at Stockton and Salisbury on April 7th, I venture to suggest that the answer is a definite negative. Dante never had even to be asked to go to win the one-mile Rosebery Stakes, for

there was nothing behind him to make him gallop : at Salisbury, over 7 furlongs, Sun Storm (Tornadic colt), getting 7 lb., beat Court Martial a neck ; Elysium, also giving 7 lb. to the winner, a moderate third. The anti-Dante brigade has already swung into line, and become all the more certain that Court Martial will now take Dante's number down in the Guineas. I think—and, of course, what I, or you, think is not evidence—that the argument is a non sequitur. Everything seems to hinge upon to what we think Dante's two-lengths defeat of the Tornadic colt in the Middle Park adds up. Rule-of-thumb handicapping would say 6 lb., but I believe that those who saw what happened would say very much more. This is what did happen : Dante had a comfortable two-lengths lead into The Dip ; he, and also Nevett, his jockey, were certain that it was all over, and rang down something like half-speed to the engine-room ; when the jockey discovered the Tornadic colt was not as dead as he thought, he shook Dante up—and that was that. The race admittedly was not true-run, for there was a no pace on for the first half of it, but from the way Dante left everything standing still, I think there is only one possible reading. The argument now is that giving Sun Storm 7 lb. and finishing practically level makes Court Martial the same thing as Dante. As already said, after the manner of Dr. "Brains Trust" Joad, it all depends upon how your Middle Park sum works out. Purely on looks I should not have an eye for Dante if that Adonis Court Martial were around—but then, we must never let ourselves be carried away by that sort of thing.

The Irish Grand National

THIS note is written solely in the hope that some of the fighting cocks whose letters tell me are so greatly interested in racing as an antidote to the infernal din, plus many other things, which they have to endure, may have chanced upon a note in these pages suggesting Heirdom to anyone game for a flutter. When I wrote that summing-up just before the race, neither I nor anyone else knew that Prince Regent had a back upon which it was impossible to put a saddle. Had I known that he was to be scratched, I should have been quite definite about Heirdom, but, with the great champion knocking about, how could anyone dare to pick one to beat him in a field which was not formidable? Even the Irishmen, keen judges of a jumper, seem to have completely overlooked Heirdom's chances, for they tipped almost everything else. With Prince Regent out of the way, and that other good one St. Martin with an asterisk after his name, I suggest that Heirdom had every claim to notice. In 1943, at exactly the same difference in weight to those allotted in this year's Irish Grand National, he beat Prince Regent in the Leopardstown Handicap Steeplechase, 3 miles 300 yards, in very heavy going. The distance of the I.G.N. is 3½ miles. Heirdom won a 3-miles-76-yards chase at Naas (called the Leopardstown Handicap Chase) on



First Meeting of the Season at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Kathleen Countess of Drogheda (right) was at Phoenix Park races with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Richard and Lady Patricia Aherne, who were married last year. Mr. Aherne is a film actor

Lady Brooke, wife of Sir Francis Brooke, Bt., a former joint Master of the Killiney Kildares, was escorted by her son; Major George C. F. Brooke, 17/21st Lancers, a well-known polo-player before the war



Holidaying at Gulmarg

Mr. B. J. Kirchner, C.B.E., former Chief Press Adviser to the Government of India, with his wife and daughter, Pamela, was taking a well-earned rest at Gulmarg, Kashmir



Competitors in the Gulmarg, Kashmir, Golf Competitions

Mr. A. Chapman, of the Punjab Police, was winner of the Amateur Championship of Northern India, with Major D. G. Butterworth as runner-up. He won the match by 9 and 8



A successful woman competitor in the Gulmarg Golf Competitions was Mrs. Warry, who beat Mrs. Bull by 6 and 5 in the Ladies' Indian Army Cup. She is seen holding the cup, with her opponent

November 18th, 1944, with 11 st. 4 lb., Knights Crest, who beat Prince Regent in last year's I.G.N., 12 st. 5 lb., unplaced. Heirloom started in this year's I.G.N. at 100 to 7, and won by a length with 9 st. 7 lb.—a very light weight, it is true, but he did all that his form promised.

The I.G.N. Course at Fairyhouse

THE race is not run over the old course, which is mainly Irish banks and Meath ditches, which any Irish horse throws behind him without any trouble at all, but over ordinary steeplechase fences and "regulation" open ditches, and this alteration was brought in some years ago by the Irish N.H. Committee because it was felt that an event of the importance of their Grand National should be open to all-comers, and that the Irish banks and ditches, even with a few flying fences thrown in, might tend to confine it to Irish-trained horses and those hunted in Ireland. Nowadays, and for some years past, the field takes a new course inside the old one after passing the stands, and where the obstacle called the "up-bank" (just jumping out of a lower field on to a bank and into a higher one) used to be, a new "regulation" has been built. The old bank-and-ditch course is used for all the other steeplechases.

"Manners Maketh . . ."

YET once again do we readily acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to the talented

gentleman who daily pens the last leader in *The Times*, for yet once more has he drawn our attention to one of those unconsidered trifles in life which mean so much. This time it is to the yawning gap lying between the hospitality of our cold Western clime and that of countries nearer to the rising sun. He instances the difference between those Russian hosts, who provided a bevy of beauteous female barbers at 3 a.m. to shave any guest who might have begun to feel a bit grimy, with the English host who expressed regret at not being able to invite his guest to pot luck because he had to keep all the bits and pieces for the fowls. It is all too deplorably true. The farther East we go the more polished do manners become. Contrast old Capulet's cosy reference to greasy chins with the off-hand invitation: "Come and dine with us *quietly* on Thursday!", the impolite innuendo being, "and not like you came *last time*"; and the ready way in which the hostess in the tropics faces up to the unexpected guest—just another half-pint of boiling water in the soup, a glass of cooking sherry and a spot of Tabasco, and no nasty backhanders about the shortage of chicken-food. We in the wet and chilly West gird at those who make a noise, or noises, over food: in the warm and dusty East the guest who does not provide aural evidence of the excellence of the fare provided is considered a bit of a bounder, and is never invited again.



Final Meet in Berkshire

The last meet of the season of the South Berks Hounds was held at The Three Firs, Burghfield. Here is the Master, Mr. C. Eric Palmer, talking to Sir George Mowbray, a former High Sheriff of Berkshire



International Golf: Scottish Universities Defeat the English at St. Andrews

The Scottish Universities Golf Team. Sitting: A. D. Mitchell (St. Andrews), J. L. White (St. Andrews), A. S. Mayer (Glasgow, captain), A. Brough (St. Andrews), H. W. Donaldson (Glasgow). Standing: I. C. S. Knight (Edinburgh), W. M. Ironside (Aberdeen), D. O. Craig (Aberdeen), H. Matheson (St. Andrews), F. W. G. Deighton (Glasgow, reserve)



Forbes, Monifieth

The English Universities Golf Team. Sitting: A. E. Cooper (Cambridge), R. M. Connell (Oxford), R. M'L. Wilson (Cambridge, captain), A. W. Shutter (Cambridge), S. P. Hutton (Oxford). Standing: T. Russell (Oxford), A. A. F. Bryson (Cambridge), G. D. Boddington (Cambridge), H. S. Smith (Manchester), D. C. Cockburn (Cambridge)

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"What Do We Know?"

"My dear," exclaims Mrs. Tennant, English châtelaine of Kinalty Castle, in Ireland, "what do we know about the servants?" The question is rhetorical: she expects no answer—and it is well for her, poor lady, that she receives none. I recommend Henry Green's novel *Loving* (Hogarth Press; 8s. 6d.) as a consolation gift to those who no longer have servants, and wish they had. It should not only reconcile them to their present state, but make them look back on their past of well-staffed houses with a blood-curdling, retrospective chill.

The action of *Loving* takes place below stairs—or, at least, on the farther side of the baize swing-doors. Mrs. Tennant—with, I should have said, doubtful wisdom—has imported to Kinalty, some time before the war, an entire household of English servants. The servants compose the cast—Mrs. Tennant, commonly known as "Mrs. T." and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jack, loom about as large in the story as they do in their servants' eyes: this, you will soon understand, is not saying much. Mrs. Jack's two little girls, Nannie Swift's charges, cut just a little more ice. The war is now on—the time, by all inferences, is spring 1941. Bombs are falling on England and German invasion threats are still in the air. Most of the Castle is shut up; Ireland is immobilised by the petrol shortage; now and then a guest arrives for lunch on a bicycle or in a pony-trap.

The two Mrs. Tennants while deplored the neutrality of the country, find themselves pretty well where they are, grumbling gently and taking the dogs for walks.

When Jack Tennant, now in the Army, is due for leave, his wife and mother cross to join him in London. The servants and the children—whose number is reinforced by a visitor, the cook's evacuee nephew Albert—are left to their own devices at Kinalty.

Le Roi Est Mort, Vive le Roi!

Drama already reigns in the butler's pantry. Eldon, the old butler, dies in the first chapter; and Charley Raunce, the footman, steps into his place. What a big thing this is for Charley, and what dynastic changes it involves, you have to know Charley Raunce and the Kinalty household (and to read *Loving* is to know both) in order to be able to understand. His accession is, in no quarters, kindly seen. Mrs. T., who for reasons best known to herself has hitherto called him Arthur, is irked by having to call him Raunce—really, what a name!—and the housemaids revolt from having to call him "Mr." Mrs. Welch, the cook, does not think highly of him; and with elderly Miss Burch, the head

housemaid, he has already been for some time in conflict. And his pantry-boy—"Raunce's Albert" is never for a moment to be confused with "Mrs. Welch's Albert"—proves a doubtful supporter, a dark horse.

"This place won't ever be the same again, not since Mr. Eldon left us [says Miss Burch to Mrs. Welch, over their cups of tea]. I said it over his open grave and I don't care who hears me this minute. With Raunce let loose without check about the house there's no saying what we'll come to. And there's the trouble of his morning tea. He will insist on one of my girls fetching it. They won't even tell me which one of them it is, but I keep watch. She's Edith, though I told Mrs. Tennant different by being mistaken at the time. What I say is who's to answer for it when he gets up to his games with her in the bedroom? Tormenting a girl till she faints will be child's play, Mrs. Welch."

"It's the food," Mrs. Welch answered, "though I do speak as shouldn't seein' as I occupy myself with the kitchen. They're starving over there my sister says in her letter she sent. If it wasn't for that I'd go tomorrow, I would straight . . ."

"Nothing'll be like it was," Miss Burch repeated. "I said so at the time."

It should be said in justice to Mr. Raunce that Edith's collapse fainting into his arms (unfortunately come upon by Miss Burch) had



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Keidrych Rhys, the poet, recently returned from the Western Front, where he has been war correspondent. During the war he has edited two anthologies of "Poems from the Forces," and on being invalidated out of the London Welsh Regiment, he revived the publication of the Anglo-Welsh magazine "Wales," which he founded together with the Druid Press

been the result not of his attentions, but of the discovery of a live mouse caught in the machinery of the weather-vane. The tortures of sensibility suffered by Miss Burch on behalf of her girls, dark, beautiful Edith and blonde Kate, are unnecessary. Edith not only keeps

the Raunce situation in mirthfully good control, but has a quite uninhibited rebound to her early-morning discovery in Mrs. Jack's room. From the first moment we meet her, sidling in at a side-door with a peacock's feather stuck in her hair and a gloveful of stolen peacock's eggs (for the complexion), we recognise her as our spirited heroine. Kate—who enjoys the distinction of being the only one of the household who understands what Paddy, the one Irish indoor servant, says—is doubtful as to the virtue of peacock's eggs:

"You're surely not ever goin' to put all that dirtiness on your face and neck sometime, Edie?"

"I am that. It's good."

"But not peacocks. Edie, for land's sake."

"Peacocks is no use. They only screech."

"I can't make you out at all. . . . And what if you come out in the spots like they got stuck on their tails?"

"Oh dear."

Isolation

Mrs. TENNANT's pep talk to Raunce, on the occasion of his promotion, has set only too truly the tone of the Castle ménage:

"I feel we should all hang together in these detestable times."

"Yes, Madam."

"We're really in enemy country here, you know. We simply must keep things up. With my boy away at the war. Just go and think it over."

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE worst of Love, sacred or profane, is that it unconsciously fits Ideals into Cases. Or the other way about. It all comes to the same thing. Once the tender look is exchanged—everything else goes by the board and charming attributes are given and received which, in quite a number of instances, would make the Creator rub His eyes. As for Dame Nature, the root and reason of it all, she would scarcely recognise her disguises—that is, if she hadn't got a ribald sense of humour, which she has.

In Algernon, she finds herself masquerading as Cleverness and Wit on the strength of rather a fetching, twisted smile; as ardent Defender of the Feeble on the strength of a broad chest; as Gay Company for a Lifetime on the strength of two really funny stories and one execrable pun. While on his side, Angelina's graceful carriage, her wavy hair, her expressive glances, her ability to listen to his entire life-story without intruding her own, her readiness to hold hands and exchange kisses, denote in his mind financial prudence, domestic science, intellectual affinity, courage, faithfulness, perfect motherhood and an ingrained knowledge of exactly what to do beside a sick-bed, besides hovering. And if anything more were required to prove that Heaven has given them its blessing, it is a mutual devotion to dancing, Bob Hope, the shorter works of Shelley, risotto à la Puzzi and a mutual detestation of that acidulated drop, her Aunt Emily.

Briefly, real experience of each other has not been vouchsafed. Only a chance to twaddle and to spoon. Few experiences shared in the things which really matter. Still fewer mutual tests of character and endurance. Mostly, just a gay and very lovely pastime which religion and custom

have turned into a solemn and rather terrifying rite.

Once upon a time it always puzzled and amused me why so many people—middle-aged women especially—weep softly at weddings. Now I think I know. Quite contentedly married they may be, but within their hearts they now realise that all this white satin, bouquets, feasting, festivity and noisy, conversational "fog" is just an excuse for a social gathering for a hundred or so guests, mostly women; but for the parties chiefly concerned it is merely one of those detached "overtures" which don't seem to belong to anything, except the band.

The plain fact is, I suppose, that we really never know anybody until we live with them. And if, sooner or later, we have nothing to say to those with whom we live—well, Heaven may keep on blessing the union, but for those most concerned it is just another of life's knots. Indeed, I believe that most of life's knots are brought about by personal relationships. And where there's a sense of "knot" there's usually a psychological distortion. Happily, we resign ourselves at last to the fact that so soon as we free ourselves from one, we usually tie ourselves up in another. Until emotional emancipation arrives at last and we flop about like a loose bit of string too short to be of use to anybody.

On the other hand, we may be happy enough to find ourselves "knotted" to something from which we never want to be unloosened. It's just luck! Like the Old Lady who, living a hundred years, explains to a listening world her secret—only to have it immediately contradicted by the Old Lady who, last birthday, was 101. Anyway, if life isn't a perpetual search, it isn't much of a life at all, is it?



The Welsh Rugby Football XV.

Here is the Welsh team, winners of the eighth wartime Services Rugby International. On ground: H. Tanner, W. H. T. Davies. Sitting: Cliff Evans, F. Trott, B. L. Williams, A. J. Risman (captain), D. Phillipps, Alan Edwards, E. V. Watkins. Standing: A. D. S. Bowes, I. Owen, E. Evans, H. Thomas, W. E. Tamplin, W. H. Travers, F/Lt. A. Mathews (touch judge)



The English Rugby Football XV.

The English team, which lost to Wales, defeated Scotland at Edinburgh a month ago. Sitting: M. P. Goddard, F. P. Dunkley, R. Longland, G. Hollis (captain), C. G. Gilthorpe, A. E. Johnston, E. Ruston. Standing: M. T. Ackermann, P. Plumpton, G. Hudson, R. Peel, E. Ward, E. Bedford, R. G. H. Weighill, J. Parsons, S/Ldr. Kain (touch judge)



S/Ldr. Jim Parsons, the English scrum-half, brought his wife, formerly Susan Tanner, to watch him play at Gloucester

Rugby International

Wales Beats England by 24 Points to 9
at Gloucester

Photographs by D. R. Stuart



Air-Marshall Sir Graham Donald was a spectator, with Tommy Voyce, a former England player, and Major-Gen. R. F. E. Whittaker



Three members of the winning Welsh Rugger XV. were F/O. Bleddueyn Williams, R.A.F., Petty Off. A. D. S. Bowes, R.N., and Capt. H. Tanner, R.A.



Col. C. D. Arvold, the ex-Cambridge and England International, now with Fighter Command, and W/Cdr. C. H. Gadney, M.B.E., the well-known Rugger referee, were together



Mr. Arthur Hudson, Secretary of Gloucester Rugby Football Club, is with his son, Gordon Hudson, one of the English forwards



Three of England's representatives: A/B. E. Ruston, R.N., Lt. Ronnie Ackermann, D.F.C., and Lt. Geoffrey Hollis, R.N., who captained the English XV.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 74)

M.T.B.s in the Channel, will be happy to learn that his wife, who was formerly Miss Betty Greenish, has just presented him with a baby daughter. His mother-in-law and sister-in-law, Miss Sybil Greenish, learnt of the good news whilst they were staying at the May Fair, and many of their friends drank the new daughter's health there and then.

Another celebrity also celebrating an addition to the family was Sir Lacey Vincent, who is one of the greatest authorities on engineering problems in the country. A little earlier in the day the christening had taken place at Old Brompton Church, and afterwards Sir Lacey and Lady Vincent brought a few friends to the May Fair to drink the health of the young heir.

Others who have recently been staying in the hotel include Lord Bennett of Calgary, looking extremely fit and well; the Duchess of Devonshire; Major Bhagat, the Indian V.C.; and Lord Leathers.

Out and About

THE Duchess of Kent has been spending several days in town recently. Dressed in a simple black coat and skirt and white blouse, and wearing a sable tie, she was among the afternoon shoppers in Bond Street with a woman friend. On another occasion she passed almost unrecognised among the crowds at a West End cinema, and yet again I saw her going into the famous beauty salon of Elizabeth Arden's, passing on the stairs another woman world-famous for her elegance, British-born actress Lynn Fontanne. Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley, who stands next to the Lord Chamberlain on the King's right hand at every Investiture as Gentleman Usher to His Majesty, was exercising his dog in the spring sunshine in St. James's Park, and yet another stroller was slightly-built, smartly-dressed Sir Edward Marsh, owner of surely the most famous eyebrows—not excluding George Robey's—in London.



Four Generations at a Christening

Tunbridge

The baby son of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. N. Nabarro was christened at Winchester Cathedral, and here is a group taken after the ceremony at Dawn House, Winchester. Back row: Lt.-Col. B. im Thurn, D.S.O., M.C., Miss Mead, S.R.N., Cpl. Elisabeth Ensell, F.A.N.Y., Miss Newton, Sir George Grant-Suttie, Bt., F/Lt. Mervyn Austin, R.A.A.F., Mrs. Margaret Watson. Centre: Miss S. G. im Thurn, W.R.N.S., Mr. and Mrs. G. D. N. Nabarro and their son, S/O. R. Austin, W.A.A.F., Mrs. S. N. Nabarro, Mrs. B. im Thurn. Sitting in front: Mrs. Winsloe-Phillipps, Mrs. George Wickham

Lansdowne Passage

OF all London's famous thoroughfares, probably the least known is tiny Lansdowne Passage, which runs between Charles Street and Berkeley Square. Legend says that the celebrated highwayman Dick Shepherd once escaped along it, and his black mare was just able to squeeze through the narrow arch at its further end. Nowadays, despite the fact that it is hemmed in by such enormous buildings as the May Fair and Lansdowne House, the little street gets as much sun as the Corso on the Danube at Budapest, and it is fast becoming as popular a promenade. Every day celebrities pass along it, stopping for a few moments to watch the antics of the Pekinese puppies in its well-known dog shop. Amongst the many people who passed through it the other day—many of them on their way to lunch at the May Fair—were Major E. S. Bhagat, V.C., and that distinguished French soldier General Roger de Bazelaire with Colonel Bernard Douin de Rosière. With them was the Belgian general, General Bernaert. His Excellency Jan Masaryk—now back in Czechoslovakia—strode by, followed by His Excellency Jonkheer Van Lennepe, the Netherlands Minister in Pretoria. Others were Jack and Daphne Barker who are having so great a success at Ciro's. And finally came Major Lord Roderick Pratt with Lady Pratt, the Marchioness of Camden and Captain Lord Teynham, R.N.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

"Yes, Madam."

"We know we can rely on you, you know, Arthur."

"Thank you, Madam."

"Then don't let me hear any more of this nonsense."

The English servants, inside their little pale of the Castle, feel oppressed isolated, uneasy. They are, they are convinced, in a savage and hostile land. Their dread of the Irish in general and I.R.A. in particular is hardly less than, and always alternates with, their dread of the Jerries. They are convinced, when the two Mrs. Tennants depart to London, that they are being abandoned to a hideous fate. They are, it is true, glad to be out of the bombing and of the reach of conscription, and to have plenty to eat. They repeatedly tell one another that they are lucky, but all the time a feeling of restlessness, and worse, of ignobility pervades them. Mrs. Welch drenches her doubts in liquor; Miss Burch and Nanny Swift take to their beds; Raunce's Albert crosses the water to join up, and Raunce and Edith end by eloping to England.

What is it that makes *Loving* so much more than an ingenious, amusing, from time to time scandalous chronicle of life below stairs? Nobody who knows Henry Green's work could expect from him anything commonplace. His N.F.S. novel *Caught*, which was published in 1943, must still hold a unique place in most readers' memories. *Loving* again, is a big book—I do not mean long (it is only too short), but big in conception. Mr. Green penetrates through the mask of class and type to the individual soul inside each of his men and women. This novel has the straight, humanistic touch lost, I have sometimes thought, to most English fiction since the eighteenth century—only, I think, Fielding could have been so just in his dealings with Charley Raunce. Also, he is rare in his power not only of feeling, but of conveying beauty. His characters move in a light to which their own senses are blind. The doves, the emerald days seen through the Gothic Kinalty windows, the two housemaids waltzing in the empty ballroom, the rain, the evenings, the picnic on the sands—these are poetry.

And, not least, his dialogue! The extracts I have given can hardly do justice to the effect of the whole. He has written the greater part of *Loving* in a language which, expressive as it is moronic, is of a veracity that one cannot doubt.

Resistance

"IN THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE," by Roland Penrose (Heinemann; 1s.), has been compiled from books, newspapers and reviews published during and immediately after the German occupation of France by the intellectuals of the Resistance movement. It answers, I think, the charge once levelled against the intellectuals of France—and, less directly, of other countries—that they are selfish, dwellers in ivory towers, unconcerned with the welfare of the community in which they live or with the fate and the honour of their country. The fanatical isolation of the study, the studio, the laboratory, before this war, may or may not have held good. But in 1940 the terrible call was heard that the best brains of France offered the best of their services to her freedom. It was as Frenchmen, simply, that these French poets, scientists, lawyers, professors, musicians, painters, entered the secret fight. Of their achievements, much has been put on record; but much more still remains to be known. Risks, ordeals and martyrdoms build up, one by one, into the noble story of the liberation of France. These men feared, and acted against, what has power to hurt the soul.

The stories here are brief and are sparingly told; the documents speak for themselves. I shall not forget the closing phrase in the letter Jacques Decour wrote to his parents before his execution: "I consider myself rather like a leaf that falls from the tree to make mould. The quality of the mould depends on the leaves. I am thinking of the youth of France, in whom I put all my hope."

Honour, one feels, is due to those of whom it was asked to sacrifice the honour of their names. Mr. Penrose instances one or two prominent people who agreed to pass as collaborationists in order to give cover, under their roofs, to the secret, vital activities of their friends.

Managing Type

THE "managing woman" is either a figure of dread or a figure of fun, according to whether one is or is not inside her power. We have numerous studies of her in our English novels—from Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Proudie down. Invariably, so far, she has been most unsympathetically viewed. Jean Ross, however, in her novel *Aunt Ailsa* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.), casts her managing woman in the heroine's role; more, she succeeds in making Ailsa MacLaughlin attractive, sympathetic and heroic. We see the spinster aunt's problems through Ailsa's eyes—to the point (at least, so I found) of concurring with what are later to prove to be her mistakes. The fact is, that Aunt Ailsa—unlike her predecessors in fiction—is no feminine Hitler, a-grab for power in the family world. She is humble, disinterested and devoted. She cannot, however, doubt her own vision or question her own sense of right and wrong. If she muddles, and sometimes ruins, the lives round her by a catastrophic series of interferences, she also makes an uncomplaining sacrifice of her own. She turns her back on a friendship that might have ended in marriage, on a career, on the Edinburgh house that she has inherited, in order to throw in her lot with her dipsomaniac brother's feckless family. But did Simon take to drink, in the first place, because Ailsa had, since their childhood, over-influenced him; and were his children spineless because their aunt had insisted on making all their decisions for them?

The questions raised, and their working out in the plot, make *Aunt Ailsa* a distinguished domestic novel.



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The musical instrument known as the Hirlas Horn, is famous in Welsh history for the double purpose it served. After a victorious battle it was the custom to fill the horn with "metheglin," a kind of spiced mead, drink it at one draught and then blow a triumphant blast to show that the horn had been emptied of liquor. The scene depicted is that of the great banquet given at Carew Castle, Pembrokeshire, to celebrate the bestowal of the Order of the Garter by Henry VII on Sir Rhys ap Thomas after the victory at Bosworth. Doubtless the bards recited the

ancient poem (about 1160 A.D.) of Owen Cyfeiliog, Prince of Powys.

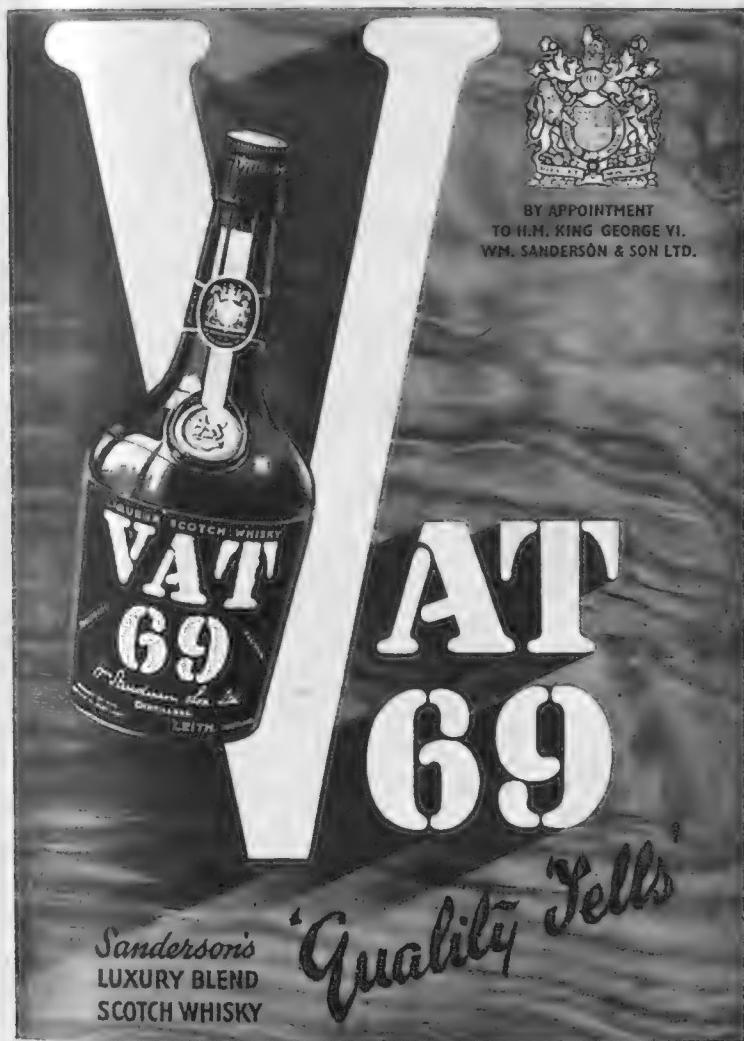
*"Pride of feasts profound and blue *
Of the ninth wave's azure hue
The drink of heroes famed to hold
With art enriched and lid of gold
Fill the horn with foaming liquor
Fill it up my boy, be quicker
Hence away despair and sorrow
Time enough to sigh tomorrow."*

* The word Hirlas means "Long blue" from Hir-long and glas-blus.



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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

AN old-timer from the Alberta foothills was undergoing a medical examination. Amazed to find the old man in such excellent condition the doctor asked, incredulously: "How old did you say you were?"

"Eighty-seven," was the firm reply.

"In all my years as a doctor I have never seen a man even fifteen years younger than you in such perfect condition. To what do you attribute your good health?"

"Well, when me and my wife got married, we had a sort of an agreement not to argue. If she ever got angry she promised she wouldn't say anything but just go into the kitchen until she calmed down; and if I got mad I wasn't to say anything but just walk out into the backyard and—"

"Yes," interrupted the doctor, "but what has that got to do with it?"

"Well," drawled the old man, "as a result of that agreement I've led what you might call somewhat of an outdoor life."

ACERTAIN old Scotswoman could never be induced to say a hard word about any one.

"Why," exclaimed one of her friends, exasperated at hearing her plea on behalf of some ne'er-do-well, "I believe ye'd ha'e a guid word for the De'il himself."

"Weel," came the pat reply, "he's a verra industrious pairson!"

A CLERGYMAN was dining with his host before the afternoon service. He ate little, explaining that it was not good for a preacher to eat heavily before a sermon.

The hostess could not attend the service, as she had to stay at home to prepare tea.

When her husband came home, she said: "Well, how was he?"

The husband, heaving a sigh, replied: "He might just as well have eaten."

FROM across the Channel comes the story of two Germans who gave themselves up after a heavy bombing raid.

The raid, it seems, had quenched whatever military ardour they had had. When it was over, leaving them white and shaken, one turned to the other.

"Hans," he said, "there is nothing that will help us now but V 5."

"V 5?" exclaimed the other, puzzled. "But what is V 5?"

"A large white flag on an enormous pole."

And "V 5" worked. It saw them safely into the Allied lines.

AMINISTER and his wife were discussing two men who were in the news.

"Yes," said the minister, "I knew them both as boys. One was a clever, handsome fellow; the other a steady, hard worker. The clever lad was left behind in the race, but the hard worker—well, he died and left sixty thousand pounds to his widow. It's a great moral."

"Yes," replied his wife, with a smile, "it is. I heard this morning that the clever one is going to marry the widow."

"I HARDLY knew your father to-day," remarked the district visitor to the little girl of the house. "He's cut his beard again. That's about the third time this year."

"It ain't father that's done it," explained the child. "Father likes his beard on, but, ye see, mother's stuffin' the sofa."



Sailors' Day was given a grand send-off at the Hungaria when, at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hale at which the guests of honour were the First Lord and Mrs. A. V. Alexander. £1,300 was raised by an auction conducted by Evelyn Laye, Arthur Riscoe and Will Hay. The three auctioneers are seen above in action, with restaurateur Vecchi, smiling and in grand form, in the background on the right

ONE of the witnesses in a case in America was an old negro.

"Did the defendant use improper language when he was beating his horse?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he talked mighty loud, suh," replied the witness.

"Did he indulge in profanity?" The witness seemed puzzled, and the lawyer put the question in another form: "Uncle Amos, what I want to know is, did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh, yes, suh," the old man replied, "but they'd have to be 'range diff'rent."

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Model on the right is of black wool moss crepe. The bow on the hipline is of heavy satin ribbon and is drawn through a gauged loop. Black only. £21

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Wheel Control

MANY attempts have been made to eliminate the rudder bar from among the ordinary aeroplane controls. The most recent of these concerns an aircraft which is to be offered as a post-war private-owner machine, the Ercoupe. This little monoplane has an ingenious system of linkage between ailerons, the twin rudders and the steerable front wheel of the tricycle undercarriage. The result is that the pilot has all the flying controls combined in a single wheel. He turns the aircraft by turning the wheel and this sorts out yaw and bank and produces a true turn. The proposed price in America is extremely low; but I will not quote it because it is a domestic price only and might therefore differ markedly from that for any export version. The engine is a 65 h.p. Continental.

Most private flyers who have not been "set" by Service flying with conventional controls, would be favourable towards a single wheel control of the Ercoupe kind. Co-ordination between stick and rudder bar is really the only difficult thing in learning to fly. On the other hand the experienced pilot would almost certainly dislike having the rudder bar taken away. Having mastered the co-ordination of stick and rudder he rightly believes that his power over the aircraft is being reduced by the abolition of the separate rudder control.

Prospects Which Please

IF I were contemplating putting on the market a private-owner kind of aircraft, I should have great difficulty in deciding whether to try and do away with the separate rudder control or not. It is really a matter of market research. Do you expect most of your customers to be men coming out of the R.A.F. with experience of flying, or do you expect them to be young people who are taking to the air for the first time? In America there will assuredly be scope for the aircraft designed for the man who has no set views on controls and, therefore, for the Ercoupe. Over here I am less certain. In the first place we really know nothing about the prospects for private flyers.

Although private flyers were of the highest value to the country at its most critical period—for they formed the backbone of the early fighter forces—they



Air Commodore A. Vere Harvey, C.B.E., who took part in the King's Cup races before the war, has been adopted as Conservative candidate for Macclesfield in place of Mr. Garfield Weston, who has decided not to stand again. Air Commodore Harvey is Air Officer Commanding an R.A.F. Fighter Group. He married Miss Peggy Dunnett in 1940 and they have one son, Philip, now aged three

are now being ignored. Nothing is said about whether they are to be allowed to exist within the maze of government controls after the war or whether they are to be forbidden. It would be preferable, I think, for the government to prohibit private flying altogether rather than for it to hedge it about with so many and so complicated restrictions and regulations that none but those who can afford to keep a trained lawyer permanently on the job of watching these departmental outpourings, could safely fly his own aeroplane.

Before the war we were near the moment when, although nominally encouraged, private flying was becoming so complicated and so restricted and controlled, that it was actually discouraged. There were frequent criticisms of the over-regulation of private flying. But to-day we are all being exhorted to prepare for a greater degree of government control of everything after the war; and there has been nothing to suggest that private flying is to be an exception.

Miles Per Meal

CAPTAIN DAVID BRICE, in *The Log*, which is the official journal of the British Air Line Pilots

Association, has directed attention at an aspect of aircraft range which has not hitherto been much considered.

"If there is one thing which distinguishes passengers from other human beings," writes Captain Brice, and he ought to know, "it is their extraordinary capacity for eating and drinking throughout the entire flight. Obviously, then, their requirements must be in direct proportion to the estimated flight time. This means more food and slightly less payload."

Here we have one more advantage in high speed. Carry your passengers very quickly and they will make smaller inroads into the cold pie and cocktails. But it is, of course, a fundamental change in travelling technique.

In the old days the traveller settled down to a pleasing miles-per-meal rate. On the French railways especially he did not really want to go too fast, because even if he was condemned to a luncheon basket, it always contained that bottle of red wine. But the traveller of tomorrow travels to get somewhere. And from the operational point of view the lower the weight of drinks and foods carried, the better the commercial rendering of the aircraft.

Road Safety

HERE we see it beginning: the effort to keep as many controls and restrictions going as possible. The Interim Report of the Committee on Road Safety suggests that when the war ends the "release of petrol should be gradual (perhaps by way of a basic ration, in principle similar to that which obtained during the early part of the war)."

It is easy enough to cause a restriction to be placed on the liberty of the subject; but it is the most difficult thing in the world to have it removed again. I predict that there will be almost no relaxation of war-time restrictions without the most vigorous fight. I predict that unless Parliament determines to throw off these restrictions, and is prepared to regard their removal as a matter of first importance, they never will be thrown off. There is no justification whatever for suggesting that when peace comes there should be a basic ration of petrol. It is an unwarranted step. The safety argument is the argument that road danger will be abolished when the roads are not used. It is an unsound argument. Safety must be sought by other means than restricting road use.



Kicking about

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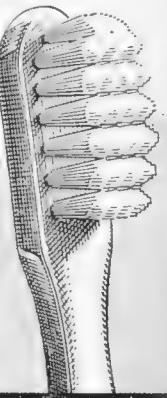
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"Pray tell me what this map may mean?"
Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK
"Vita-Weat's playing 'hide and seek'!"

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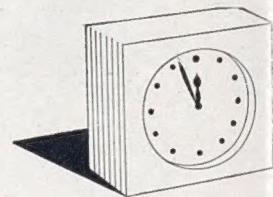
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WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED



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Even Dogs look
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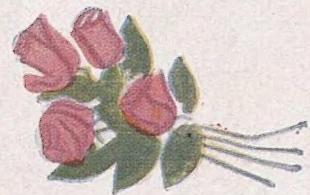
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD, St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.I., April 18, 1945. Re-entered as Second-class Matter January 9, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.